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Epigram Evening

November 5th, 1888



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Epigrams

ORIGINAL

An Epigram—why! what is that?—
Something that's sharp and never flat;
A metrical, well-rounded bit
Surcharged with fire of keenest wit,
And which, like fly in amber caught,
Forever lives a shining thought.

—*Ed. R. Taylor*

ORIGINAL

Were *Doctor Lane* as good in every line
As in the carving of our form divine,
His epigrams, we must agree, would cope
With best of those of Dryden or of Pope,
And even Bierce would be compelled to yield
To witty medico the conquered field.

—*Ed. R. Taylor*



ORIGINAL

Here's *John Hittell*, so strong on facts,
He nothing cares for jingling snacks,
And as for making epigram,
He could not turn one worth a —— clam.

—*Ed. R. Taylor*



ORIGINAL

Here *Kirkland* comes, in 'ologies so strong,
She knows them all as well as woman can, sir;
While in philosophy her line's so long
It stretches quite from Zeno up to Spencer;
And as to history, her ready tongue,
I dare be sworn, could any question answer;
And when it comes to epigrammatizing,
Why she's beyond all calculable sizing.

—*Ed. R. Taylor*



ORIGINAL

Here's *Greer*, whose native modesty's so shy,
She scarce an epigram would dare to try;
But should she thus her dormant power raise,
She doubtless would compel our highest praise.

— Why, what is this?—*her* epigram, by jingo!
It beats them all in thought as well as lingo.

—*Ed. R. Taylor*

ORIGINAL

On Mrs. L. C. Lane's request for a contribution to the "Epigram Evening."

An Epigram's a rather dangerous thing
For *novice* to essay to fitly sing;
For where the wittiest have succeeded ill,
What hope for dulness and unpractised skill?
And yet, when she whom we delight to please
Commands the task, the pen we gladly seize,
For if *she* smiles upon our crippled verse,
All careless we of critic's sneer or curse;—
She who has sweetened Sunday's cup of tea
With sugared wit and honeyed pleasantry;
Who always listens well and talks still better
When epigrammatists and others let her;
Whether the theme the lightest ever spun,
Or gathered from her favorite Emerson;
Her words e'er flowing with mellifluous tone,
Bearing a charm and wisdom all their own;

Whose facile pen the heavy German turns
To airy English that with meaning burns ;
Who rallies us to try our leaden wings
As now she does on unfamiliar things ;
Who cheers and lightens his laborious life
Who blesses every hour he calls her wife—
A woman who, had I but Dryden's wit,
Should have the brightest epigram e'er writ.

—*Ed. R. Taylor*

Sunday Evening, Nov. 4th, 1888

Selections by Ed. R. Taylor

Garrick on Goldsmith

“Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel but talk'd like poor poll.”



Goldsmith on Garrick

“Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame,
Till, his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kelleys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street reecho the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies;
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Beus be his Kelleys above."

ORIGINAL

I cannot make an epigram,
I cannot pen a dithyramb;
I ne'er could build the lofty rhyme;
I *will* not spend my precious time
(Which should be given to washing dishes,)
In angling for deep-water fishes;
And so I make my grand salaam
To everybody's Epigram!

—Cordelia S. Kirkland



ORIGINAL

In olden times, when rhymes were new,
And folks had less to cram,
I think it may have been some fun,
To pen an epigram.
But now, when every scribbling wight
Can rhyme at such a rate,
I own I'd rather, much, *die soon*
Than on this theme *di-late*.

—Cordelia S. Kirkland

ORIGINAL

EMBLEMS OF THE EPIGRAM

It's like a needle—like a bee—
And now some graceless wag
Who tastes its sweetness—feels its point—
Calls it a “jelly bag.”

—*Cordelia S. Kirkland*

Selections by Miss C. S. Kirkland

" Men, dying, make their wills, but wives
Escape a fate so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had."



On a painting of Beau Nash placed between busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Pope

" This picture placed the busts between
Adds to our thought much strength—
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

“An original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write, but how shall I begin?
I fear there is nothing original in me
Excepting original sin.”

—*Coleridge, in an Album*



“On two days it steads not to run from thy grave,
The appointed and the unappointed day;
For thee, on the first, no physician can save,
Nor thee, on the second, the Universe slay.”

—*From the Persian*



“On parent knees a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat while all around thee smiled;
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep.”

(N. B. The way we all felt after trying to write an epigram,—C. S. K.)

UNCHOSEN

Still stings one bitter moment
When—in that mystic land
Where, waiting Fate's dread summons,
The unborn spirits stand—
Genius walked grand among us
Her own to signify,
And while I thrilled with yearning
Smiled on me—but *passed by!*



ORIGINAL

A puzzled bard seeks rhyme for White,
And 'twixt two spouses cannot choose aright;
For *Lovell* the word should be quiet,
For *Laura* much truer were riot.

—John S. Hittell

Selections by John S. Hittell

"Know ye wherefore Jeremiah
Spent his life in lamentation?
'Twas that with prophetic eye he
Saw himself in Pomp's translation."

—*Voltaire*



"Weep o'er poor Piron's grave;
He failed in every ambition;
He did not even get to be
A miserable Academician."

—*Voltaire*



"Lycus was asked the reason, it is said,
His beard was so much whiter than his head.
'The reason,' he replied, 'my friend, is plain;
I've worked my jaw much harder than my brain.'"

—*Anonymous*

"Here comes Mr. Winter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes,
And that without any nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary."

—*Theodore Hook*



"Sure man is naught but grass and hay,
Gone to-morrow, though here to-day.
Woman's a vapor, full of woes,
She cuts a caper and down she goes."

—*Anonymous*

ORIGINAL

Presidential Campaign of 1888

What do you think, say the maidens fair,
Of politics that vex the air?

Free Trade! Ah, no; we've made election,
And—to a man—go for Protection.

—*Mrs. L. L. White*



ORIGINAL

At Boarding-School

Tell me, who can, good children dear,
Who it is we most do fear,
Who hath in all things greatest power,
Before whom I do shrink and cower?
Now tell me quickly who this is;
With one acclaim they gave the name—

“The Misses!”

—*Mrs. L. L. White*

ORIGINAL

Epitaph on Mrs. —

Here lies a woman whose general rule
Was, all through life, to play the fool;
Her friends about ne'er *played* the part,
For nature *there* transcended art.

—*Mrs. L. L. White*



ORIGINAL

A Bachelor's Epitaph

He shook the duties of father and man;
And here he lies at the end of his span;
No tears, no fuss, no pitying sighs,
For he never once spoke of "mother's pies."

—*Mrs. L. L. White*

ORIGINAL

On being asked what the possessor of such a name as Fiddle should do with himself.

What should he do to stay the gibes
That make up his life's remorse?
Some poison take as he imbibes?
No—bowstring himself—of course.

—*Mrs. L. L. White*



ORIGINAL

“The arena too small is,” said Satan to Eve,
“It were better to sin and the garden to leave;
The Earth’s none too ample, give Adam a show,
Nor limit the chances—his wild oats to sow.”

—*Mrs. L. L. White*

ORIGINAL

The good Lord in an hour of ease
Created man, Himself to please;
The man lacked grace;
'Twas a very plain case—
So, in another hour of ease,
His disappointment to appease,
He woman made, the man to tease.

—*Mrs. L. L. White*



ORIGINAL

J. S. H.

Of books very good and *none* very bad
He writ a whole score—'twas awfully sad—
And the devil looked on in high glee ;
But when he flew back his own home to see,
And found nothing wicked, not even a flea,
He reached for the man who had hit hell (Hittell) a lick
And had knocked it high as a good mule can kick ;
They tusseled, they fought, with many a blow,
And where are they now! does any one know ?

—*Mrs. L. L. White*

Selections by Mrs. L. L. White

"The qualities rare of a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail."

—*Anonymous*



"Lessing, in the preface to his own epigrams, gives an interesting treatment to the theory (his principal doctrine being the same as that of several of his less eminent predecessors) that there ought to be two parts more or less clearly distinguished, the first awakening the reader's attention in the same way as an actual monument might do, and the second part satisfying his curiosity in some unexpected manner.

ORIGINAL

The Bachelor's Boast

I am a jolly bachelor,
No wife me doth scold,
No children tease;
I am a free man bold,
I take my ease.

—*Lovell White*



ORIGINAL

The Bachelor's Epitaph

The jolly bachelor, the free man bold—
Beneath this stone he lies—
Nobody laughs, nobody cries;
Where he is gone and how he fares
Nobody knows, nobody cares.

—*Lovell White*

ORIGINAL

To see the bright and glorious sun
Maidens mature will never run
 Nor waste a minute;
But when the pale moon holds its sway,
In-doors they will not stay—
 There's a man in it.

—*Lovell White*



ORIGINAL

J. S. H.

Loud laughed the devil, full of glee,
Saying, "*this* fellow is toiling for me;
A thousand souls to hell he'll send,
To sizzle and fry, to bake and burn, without end."



"And," quoth the devil, "the laborer is worth his hire,
I will give him a seat remote from the fire,
In the north-east corner, a cool, shady place,
With an umbrella, and a fan, and a shade for his face."



But when the devil came home and found of all his spooks
Many had known Hittell, but none had read his books,
He waxed wroth and swore "by the Great Horn Spoon,"
That the fires intended for the thousand should burn for the author alone.

—*Lovell White*

(Read Nov. 11th, one week after Epigram Evening.)

The body of *White*, whom in life we called *Lovell*,
Had scarce felt the need of the sexton's dread shovel,
When his soul struck a bee-line for Heaven's main portal,
Where, on guard, sat in state a seraphic immortal.
Said the angel, "Base Spirit, how dare you thus come
To the realms of the blest and expect to find home?"
"Oh! mercy, great Seraph! condemn me not so,"
Cried the Soul, with a wail of surprise and of woe;
"Tis true, that as banker I usury took;
That my feet have at times strayed away from the Book;
That I meekly consented the lawyer should seize
From necessitous borrowers extortionate fees;
That I framed in my leisure full many a ditty
Which none but myself ever thought to be witty;
But surely such venial faults should not force
Upon me dread Hell's everlasting remorse."

The angel rejoined: "Were your total of sin
But the faults you have named, we might well let you in;
But when we add to them a fault by far greater,
You must see for yourself that St. Peter's your hater.
Have you heard of the name of the honored *Hittell*?
Ah! I see by your trembling you know it full well—
A man who has dug the rich ores of his mind—
With which to make greater the stores of mankind—
This man you consigned to the nethermost Hell
In numbers now tolling your funeral knell;
And this you have ventured, forsooth, for the reason,
That small understandings his drift could not seize on.
That your fault's beyond cure e'en archangels admit,
And you cannot but curse both yourself and your wit;
For St. Peter looks carefully out for his own,
And *Hittell* has a spirit that merits a throne."

"But a word! But a word!" cried the Soul in despair,
"I shot not to hurt, but my wit to declare;

Hittell is my friend, and he knows very well
That I ne'er, but in trope, could devote him to Hell.”
“No more will I hear; had your epigram hit
Anywhere near the bull’s eye of wit,”
The angel replied, as her eyes darted fire,
“You might here be admitted to fullest desire;
But your doom has been spoken, and all unforgiven
Your dulness has cost you the raptures of Heaven.”
“Lost! Lost! shrieked the soul as in darkness it fell
To the pit which our Dante describeth so well.

—Anna P. Greer.

Sunday Evening, Nov. 11, 1888.

Selections by Lovell White

“Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job’s constancy and patience.
He took his honor, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, oxen, horses, cows,
But cunning Satan did not take his spouse.”



“But Heaven, who brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Two-fold of all he had before;
His servants, oxen, horses, cows,
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse.”

—*Coleridge*

ORIGINAL IMPROMPTU

In these four walls, from east to west,
We strive with might, and do our best
Our neighbor quickly to outwit,
Yet hurt his feelings not a bit.

—Robt. Tolmie



ORIGINAL IMPROMPTU

Upon Mr. White receiving his prize

If from this empty box I am to read a rhyme,
I'll ponder o'er it now, and read another time.

—Robt. Tolmie



The highest inspiration may to the most ludicrous readily trip;
Likewise the deepest wisdom to the most appalling stupidity suddenly slip.

—Robt. Tolmie

When you find yourself in doubt,
Instead of worrying, look about,
And if you find no clear way out,
Do nothing.

Robt. Tolmi 



Selections by Robt. Tolmi

“Art and learning alone direct us to a higher life and hope.”
—Beethoven



“Cobbler, remain at your last.”
—From the German



“Glücklich ist der vergisst
Was nicht mehr zu ändern ist.”

ORIGINAL

On the Defeated Lady School Directors. 1888

With sweetest words and honeyed smiles
The ladies thought to win the fight;
"We quite eschew the spoils of war—
We simply represent the *Right.*"
Alas! the cruel day of fate
Found them of speech and smiles bereft;
They now eschew the spoils of war
Because they represent the *Left.*

—*Mary M. Greer*



ORIGINAL

Apropos of the Century Club

Should some good member condescend
To have your name presented, friend,
As "intellectual candidate,"
Prithee, decline the tempting bait;
Say you're a dunce—make your escape—
Lest you be strangled with red tape.

—*Mary M. Greer*

Selections by Miss Mary M. Greer

“What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body Brevity, and Wit its soul.”



“That man’s a fool, who tries by art and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman’s will,
For if she will, she will, you may depend on’t
And if she won’t, she won’t, and there’s an end on’t.”



“That woman’s wrong, who tries by force and skill
To stop the torrent of a man’s self-will,
For if he says he won’t, he will, you may depend on’t,
And if he says he will, he won’t, and there’s an end on’t.”



“Be thou poorer, be thou richer,
Thou canst only fill thy pitcher.”

—Emerson



ORIGINAL

The sober old earth
Has her freaks of mirth,
She tickles the wire
Of electric fire,
And, even when bored,
Her enigmas amuse;
With her for example
I sought for a sample
Of th' epigrammatic
However rheumatic,
With feet so unskillful
All rules to confuse;
But sought it in vain,
For this constant refrain
Ran forward and back till
It limped like a dactyl,
The *Attic* of *Taylor's*,
The home of the muse.

—Mrs. L. C. Lane

Adapted from some German lines on

"The Modern Marguerite"

(*He*) "This petaled daisy thou dost tear,
 What worth its yea or nay?
Whate'er the witness it may bear,
 My love shall last for aye."



(*She*) "Your love I do not seek to read
 On Nature's sibyled leaf,
Nor petals count like rosary bead
 That prayer may bring to love belief.

"'Tis not that fairy lore may bring
 To yours its seal from flowery dale;—
But will my love outlast the Spring
 I'd gladly learn from leaf as frail."

—*Mrs. L. C. Lane*

Selections (continued,) by Mrs. L. C. Lane

"Said Celia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That they have none in Heaven?"



"They have," says he, "no women there;"
She quick returns the jest;
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

Selections by Mrs. L. C. Lane

“The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine.”

—Coleridge



“Curved the line of beauty,
Straight the line of duty;
Follow this and thou shalt see
The other ever follow thee.”



“You ask me why I have no verses sent—
—For fear you should return the compliment.”

"Arthur, they say, has wit—for what,
For writing?—No, for writing not."

—*D. Swift*



"Of all wit's uses the main one
Is to live well with who has none."

—*Emerson*



"He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere."

—*Emerson*

A German lexicographer says that Epigrams may be divided into two classes, the one addressed to the intellect, the other to the feeling; the former being didactic, satiric, or comic; the latter, lyric, or elegiac; he says there are those who err by making the witty epigram superior to the sentimental one; but there are others who err still more by admitting one only of these into their theory, and even Lessing is not free from this fault. In his theory, Lessing keeps in view only the witty and satiric; but he is in the right in demanding for the epigram, *an interesting idea, thought, or fancy, which raises expectation and then responds to it by some unexpected turn.*

Herder, however, has shown that this aiming at what is witty is not indispensable to the epigram; that wit is essential to the comic and satiric epigram only.

Among the Romans, wit was the point that sharpened the epigram, and although the Greek epigram is rather addressed to the sentiment, yet modern Europe took the former for her model, until Herder, by his labors in Greek Anthology

successfully combated this prejudiced conception of the epigram.

For the Italians, Spanish, Portuguese and French, the madrigal took the place that the sentimental epigram held for the Greeks.

Littré, in defining the epigram, gives us the following quotation from Sainte-Beuve: "Formerly, a short piece of verse upon any subject whatever; among the ancients, a short composition of not more than eight or ten lines, usually in hexameter or pentameter; in character it might be triumphal, votive, or descriptive; it might be an inscription on a tomb; it might be a pastoral too short to be called an idyl; it might be a declaration of love; or an amorous plaint not elaborate enough for an elegy; raillery, too, might find place therein, but it was always subordinate, while in the modern epigram it is the principal feature."

Another says of the epigram that it is a short piece of verse terminating in a bon-mot or in a cutting witticism: "The point of an epigram, Alcandre, is with thee a passion; but

thou desirest a *long* epigram, although, like a *long* inscription, it is censurable; like the arrow of the archer, it should make its breach with a single blow; hast thou ever seen a *spear* shot from a bow?"

Littré adds that the name may be applied to a witty rhyme of two lines only, or to any piquant remark or raillery introduced into conversation.

According to Laharpe the name epigram is, to-day, applied to all verse which makes a near approach to satire, and which has in view the same aim, viz: criticism or raillery; also to any caustic expression introduced into common conversation; and, in addition thereto, it may be made to include any thought ingeniously expressed, or even the simplest idea made the subject of a few lines of poetry.

The word itself means simply an inscription, and among the Greeks, from whom we have borrowed it, it was confined to its etymological signification. The epigrams collected by Agathias, Planude, Constantine, Hieroclès, and others who

composed the Greek Anthology, are only inscriptions for religious offerings, for tombs, statues or monuments; they are usually extremely simple, and well adapted to their purpose; the greater number of them merely state some fact or relate some deed. But many of them are too long, and few of them have anything in common with what we, in our day, recognize as an epigram.

Voltaire, so skillful in gathering from every object its bloom, has translated the following ones, the sole examples that correspond to our idea of an epigram:

Upon a Statue of Niobe

The angry gods in fatal wrath
This woman changed to stone;
The sculptor, nobler than the gods,
The stone to woman turned.

Leander and Hero

Impelled by Love, Leander braves
The angry, stormy waves;
"Let me but reach yon shore," his cry,
"Then drown, and show how lovers die."



Upon the Venus of Praxiteles

'Tis true, just as you see me here,
So Mars beheld, Adonis fair,
And Vulcan, too, I blushing own—
But Praxiteles, where saw he me!



Another epigram, drawing a comparison between Mercury and Hercules, the favor of both of whom may be propitiated by gifts, and thus protection to the flocks be secured, declares

that, while Mercury is satisfied with a little honey and milk—Hercules demands two lambs a day; so, if the flocks are to be devoured, what matter whether it be by wolves or by Hercules.

The last of these epigrams is the prettiest of all; it represents Laïs making a consecrated offering of her mirror in the Temple of Venus; it is by Plato, and it has been rendered into English by several writers; of the following translations, the first is by E. L. Swift, the second by Prior:

I, Laïs, once of Greece the pride,
For whom so many suitors sighed,
Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine
The mirror of my youth resign;
Since what I *am* I will not see,
And what I *was* I cannot be.

Venus take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be.
Venus, let me never see.

Martial has sharpened the epigram among the Latins much more than was ever done among the Greeks; seeking always to render it piquant, he is far from always succeeding. His greatest fault of all is that he has been too prolific. He has a dozen books, viz.: about twelve hundred epigrams, of which if three-fourths were lost there would be little cause for regret. He, himself, acknowledges an undue profusion; but this acknowledgment in no measure diminishes the importance he attaches to these bagatelles. They have come down to us in the most exact order, just as he arranged them, each book, even, with its own dedication. Satisfactory as this may be, it does not recompense us for the loss of so many works of Titus Livius, of Tacitus and of Sallust, the works of all of whom Time has so much less respected than he has those of Martial.

The first book is devoted entirely to the praise of Domitian. Posterity would have been better pleased with one good epigram against this tyrant. Moreover these praises constantly

turn around the same centre; the subject is always the spectacles which Domitian gave to the people, and Martial repeats the story in a hundred different ways, telling how much more marvelous they were than any that had ever preceded them.

This shows what importance the Romans attached to this kind of magnificence; and at the same time shows how easy it was to flatter the self-conceit of Domitian.

In the choice of his subjects Martial is as ribald as Rousseau, but in poetic achievement he falls infinitely behind him. Rousseau has so excelled in his licentious epigrams that we could pardon him for them if what is contrary to good morals might ever be pardoned. Martial, when he becomes obscene, does not rise above his own level, and his poetry cannot absolve him; he would have done quite as well had he respected decency.

Martial says in one place that a poet ought to be pure in his conduct, but that it is not necessary that his verses be chaste;

to this one might reply that they need not be licentious. Happily, there is a small number of his epigrams that can be recited anywhere, and in one of these he very wittily gives the complaint of a poor peasant who has recourse to law to recover damages for the loss of three kids, and "for nothing else," as he informs us; the peasant reproaches his lawyer for making, on this occasion, a grand speech to the Court about the Punic War, about Hannibal and a dozen other heroes, about the Triumvirs and their fatal combats, and begs him to say one little word about his poor kids.

—P. C. L.

Selected by Dr. L. C. Lane

"Oh, my little book, if thou desirest to be approved by Attic ears,
I exhort thee, I admonish thee,
That thou win the learned Appollinaris;
No one is more exact, no one more erudite,
No one more candid, no one more benign than he;
If *he* hold thee on his lips, and receive thee in his breast,
Thou needest not fear the scoffs of maligners,
Nor wilt thou become a wrapping for fish;
But if *he* condemn thee, get thee quickly to the salt-market,
And seek the venders' stalls—
Or, on thy reverse side, the school-boy may labor with his pot-hooks."

—*Translated from Martial*

The bow is unbent,
Our arrows all spent,
And we lay down our pens
With a smiling regret;
If the *white* we have hit
In our efforts at wit,
Each one of us kens
'Twas with effort and fret;
If we've quite missed the mark,
Or hit only the dark,
We've still had our fun
From rhyme and from pun;—
But hark!—there's a note
On the air still afloat—
My ears are a-ringing,
Soft tones are a-singing,
A meaning undreamt
From darts that are spent:

Be your bow ever bent
 But with kindly intent;
Let the cord be of love,
 And the arrow above
All unworthy suspicion,
 Speed well on its mission,
And carry its point—
 To *Friendship's fruition.*

—P. C. L.

—THE END—



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